The Waiter,

A Comic Song

Sung by Mr. Fawcett,

AT THE READINGS & MUSIC

Freemasons Hall,

Composed by Mr. Reeve.

The Words by Mr. Cross.

Price 1s

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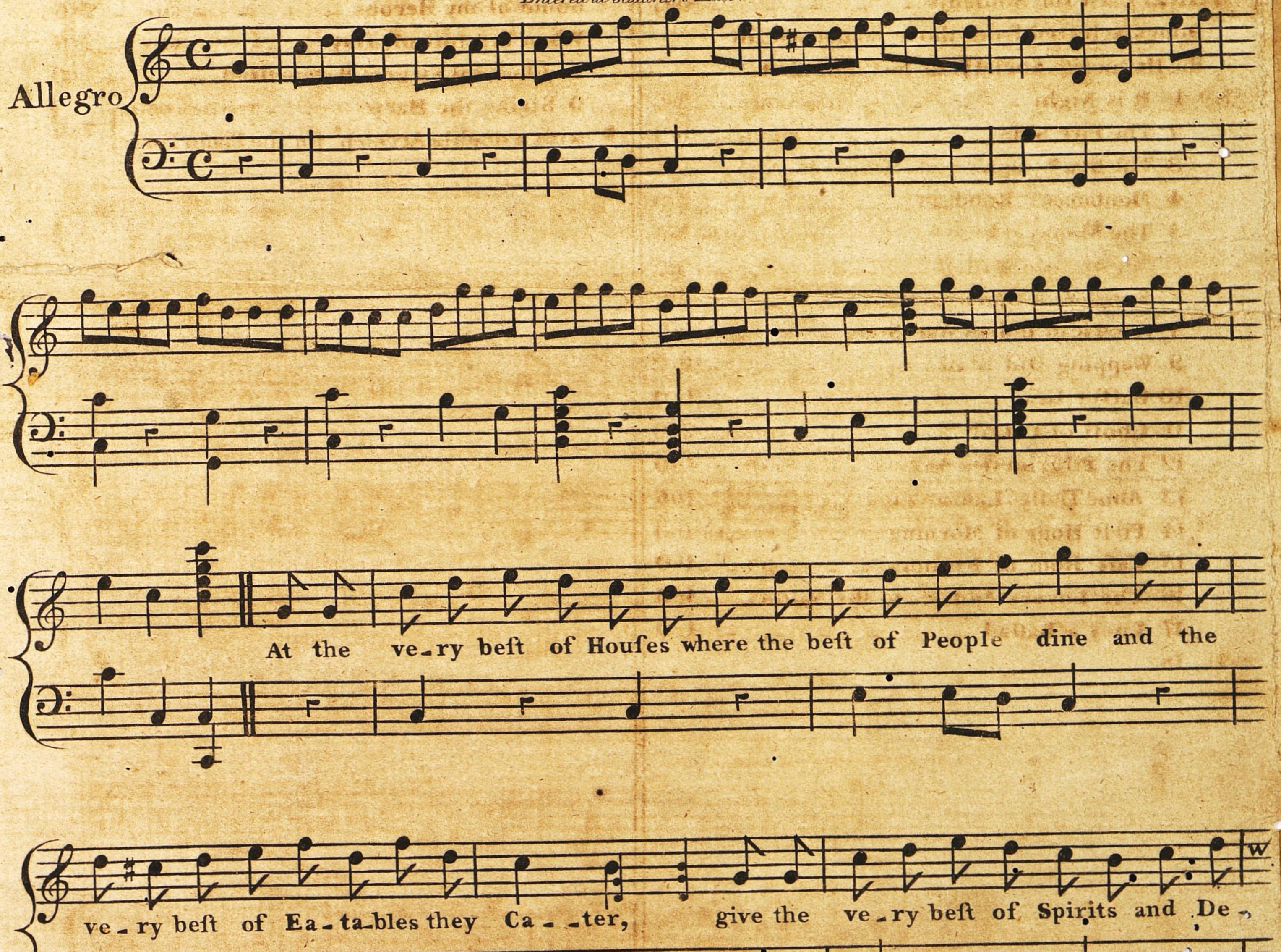

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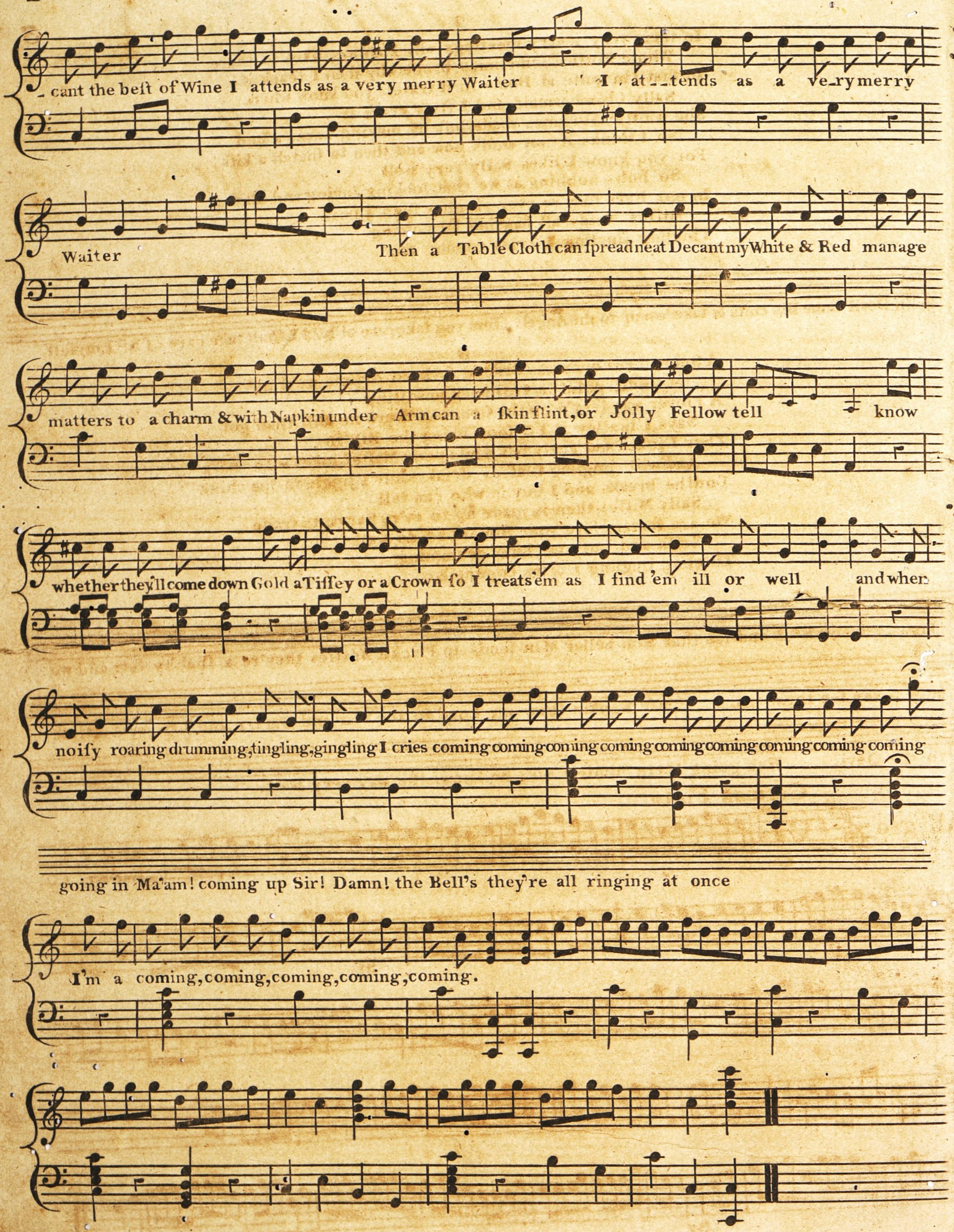
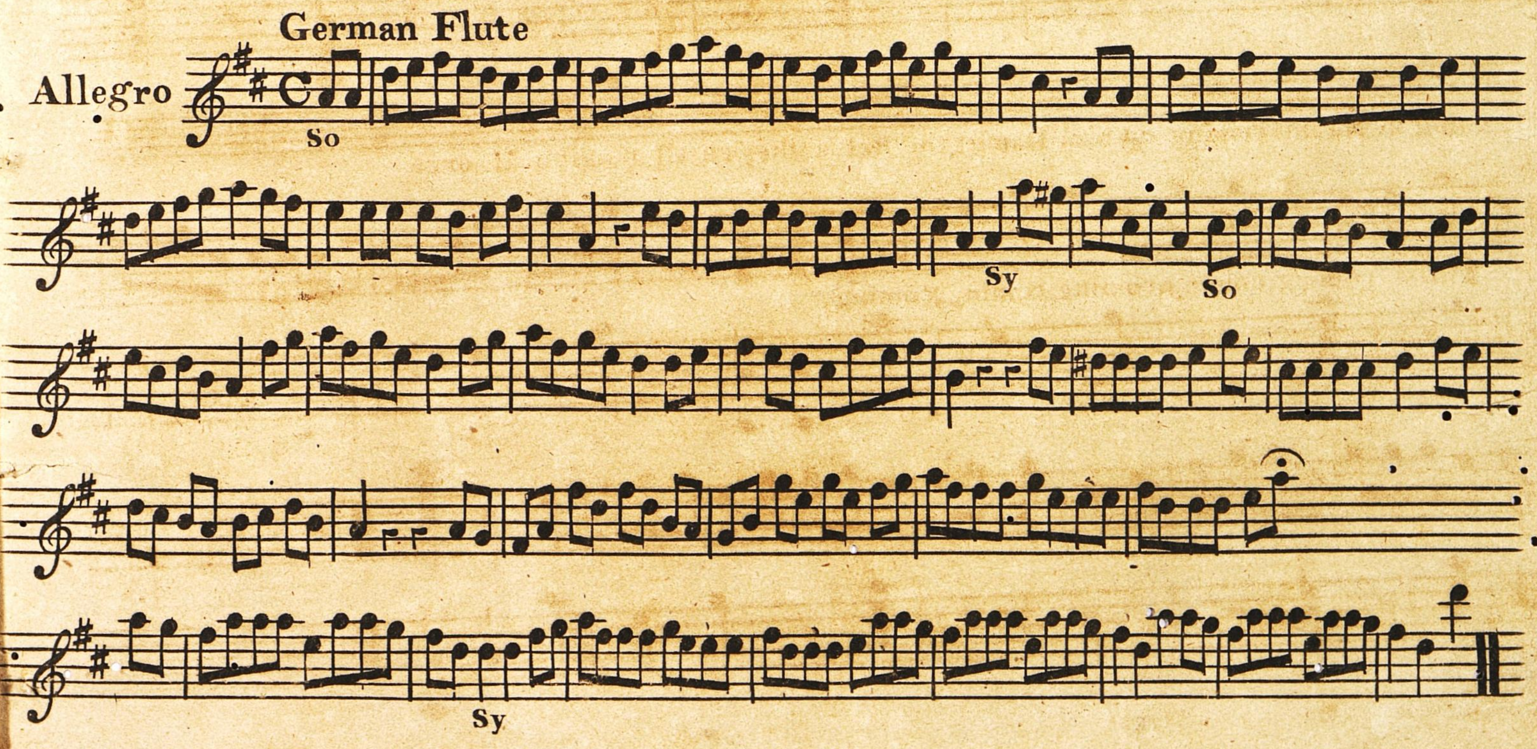

cant the best of Wine I attends as a very merry Waiter I at_tends as a ve_ry merry
Waiter Then a Table Cloth can spread neat Decant my White & Red manage
matters to a charm & with Napkin under Arm can a skin flint, or Jolly Fellow tell know
whether they'll come down Gold a Tissey or a Crown so I treats 'em as I find 'em ill or well and when
noisy roaring drumming, tingling, gingling I cries coming coming coming coming coming coming coming coming coming
going in Ma'am! coming up Sir! Damn! the Bell's they're all ringing at once
I'm a coming, coming, coming, coming, coming.

2

In their very merry meetings why I always likes to ſhare
Whole Bottles ſometimes broke why then I ſnack it
In that I'm quite at Home ſo it travels you know where
Sally Chambermaid and I ſlyly crack it
She a little Fortunes made juſt by making warm a Bed
So I thinks it not amiſs now and then to ſnatch a kiſs
For you know I likes Sally very well
So hob-nobbing as we chat looking loving and all that
In our Ears they're ever ringing ſuch a peal
Miſſus Maids all bawling Drumming
Tingling jingling I cries coming &c

John Devil ſome Bis cuits & take 'em up to the Angel. _Tom you take care of N°2 I, ſhall take care of N° 1 myſelf

3

A Snipe there once was Order'd ſuch an Article we'd not
Yet to diſapoint a Cuſtomer unwilling
A Plover was ſerv'd up the Gemman ſwore no Bill 'thad got
Says I ſwallow it I'll ſoon bring the Bill in
Thus I jokes and gayly talk while poor Maſter jokes with chalk
And will jingling Glaſses drink while I jingle in the chink
Cod! he breaks and I buy in who can tell
Sally Miſſus then is made up to ev'ry Sarvants trade
We are ſartain ſure your Honors to do well
Briſk and buſy no hum drumming
Tingling jingling I cries coming &c

James take of N° 4 and ſee that Sam Cellar Man ſends up Prick'd Bottles they're a ſhabby ſett and we may never ſee them again Mrs Napkin ſhew my Lord to the Star and Garter and Lawyer Lattitat to the Devil He's going there himſelf Sir, he knows the way very well.